

HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Thursday, March 20, 1919

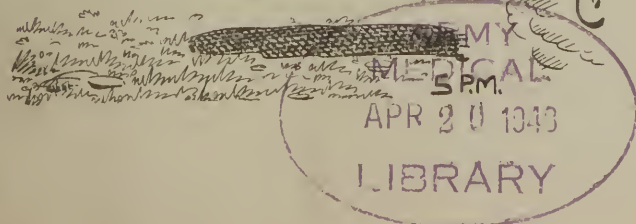
Vol. II

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"

No. 68

Attend Auction Sale, Post Exchange, 7 P. M.

Refreshments Served to Customers



HEADS UP

Published daily, except Sunday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Don't get in the way of the novice behind you, if he's trying to get somewhere faster than you are.



You CAN do it, if you only have the WILL.

Too frequently we fail to appreciate the tremendous power of co-operation. It was the combined savings of the masses that financed our Government and enabled it to win the European War, and to crush Autocracy once and for all.



OUR OWN LOUVAIN.

The ashes and ruins left by the Germans over where the two Flemish families, Carey's and Mills lived, is a favorite photographic scene these days. Go to it boys! It will help the oldest child on her geography to look for Westhampton, Belgium.



ALL COMERS STUNT NIGHT.

Tonight after the auction, if you have nothing better to do, go over the big Red X House, and see or put on a turn of your own. All comers, Nurses, Enlisted Men and Officers all qualify if they have not practiced. Let's go.

In recognition of their service, Congress has passed a bill increasing the pay of chief nurses in the army by \$240 a year. At present chief nurses receive \$120 a year, in addition to the pay of a nurse, which is \$50 a month, and by the terms of the new legislation, they will receive \$360 a year in addition to the regular pay of a nurse. The increase is effective as of July 9, 1918.



RED CROSS.

Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Kern chaperoned the Nurses to Tuckahoe, the old Randolph Estate, located about seven miles from Westhampton. General and Mrs. W. W. Sale graciously received the party and welcomed them into the mahogany panelled halls and lovely old rooms, gay with spring blossoms.

Tea and the famous Tuckahoe cookies were served and each guest was given clusters of jonquils as mementos of the happy occasion. Cheers were given the host and hostess as the party boarded the ambulance which conveyed them back to the Post.



Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness.



SPRING DEPHYRS.

Fresh and balmy the season and location and, perhaps, we Editors.



The Keller-Jones auto race to mess, is great economy to the army for the passengers arrive sans appetite. However, a good time is afforded the Fording chauffeurs.



The pictures of the Medical and Quartermaster Depts. (official ones, we mean) are bears. This is some photography, say we.



The Y. M. C. A. put over a bang-up affair Tuesday night for the enlisted men. Reading and music featured.



Tuckahoe and General and Mrs. Sales were hugely enjoyed by the Nurses, Tuesday.

Private Hollbrook and Culinary Faughn are among our midst again, after having been in hospital.

HEADS UP

Private Guidi Randazzo is in luck. Off for discharge via Camp Hill.

—o—
Monsieur Le Capitaine Gravelle friv-
olled with the Officers and Nurses Tuesday
night. Le Capitaine danced every dance
and enjoyed himself hugely. (The others
enjoyed ihm.)

—o—
KaCy Kelly put over another Officers
and Nurses dance Tuesday night. It was
good, and some insist it is only the be-
ginning of a series of dances.

—o—
YOU who are getting back files must
keep them up-to-date YOURSELVES.

❧ ❧ ❧
TONIGHT STUPENDOUS SACRIFICE
SALE AT POST EXCHANGE, 7 P. M.
DAVID WARFIELD REPP WILL AUC-
TIONEER. ABSOLUTELY OUT OF
BUSINESS AFTER 7:30 TONIGHT.

Solomon Levi Rundquist and David
Haruni Poterfield retire from their lucra-
tive business tonight. Their entire stock
comes under the auction hammer. Strictly
cash sales, no deliveries. Be on hand
early. The auctioneer, Demosthenes Repp,
has been imported at great cost from his
native California. Let's go, Heads Up.

A keg of cider and 50 pounds of hot
dogs for the customers.

❧ ❧ ❧
The Surgeon General has been advised
by the Adjutant General that the Red
Cross convalescent houses at army hospi-
tals, have been donated by the American
Red Cross to the Government, and they
will be utilized by the Medical Department.

❧ ❧ ❧
Take your medicine cheerfully—in any
event you'll take it.

❧ ❧ ❧
GARRISON FINISH BY THE RANKERS.
TAKE LONG END OF 7 TO 4 SCORE
IN EXTRA INNING GAME.

The Ossifers were like unto the lowly
worm Monday afternoon at Frolic Field
with the heavy boots of Stauffer and his
fellow executioners trampling them into
the back of old mother earth. But, lo!
See the little wormy grow and expand, put
rattles on his tail, long out into a boa
constrictor, TURN and strangle Stauff &
Company in the coils of seven runs in the
last two innings. Not to extend the story

too far or get too wormy or snaky, as
the case may be, there was a right tidy
little ball game for six innings. Stauff
went the entire route of eight innings for
the enlisted men, his team being hybrid
(Highbrow, if you like) an amalgam
of non-coms and bucks. Lieut. Feg did
the heaving of the opposition for three
innings and turned over the helm to Dia-
mond Dick Kretsinger for the four re-
maining innings. Stauff had more stuff
in the pitching box than an actor has press
clippings in the old road trunk. This
young man is valet to the base ball park
in addition to his other arduous duties.
The diamond and atmosphere covering it
knows Stauff so well that when he gets in
there tossing it over, the astigmatic offi-
cers have small chance. At all events the
old boy was cutting the edge of the plate
all the time, and as a result had a big
strikeout record and no runs scored
against him up to the sixth. Right here
a cloud at first no larger than a man's
hand appeared on Stauff's horizon and in
two more innings this same little cloud
had become a combination typhoon and
tornado, driving Stauff into the cyclone
cellar with another "lose" stuck in his
hip pocket. The sixth opened with Dia-
mond Dickie Kret making a clean hit
and of course Leggy Kret purloined a
base or two in addition. Feg the Mauler
took a lunge at one and scored Kret, wind-
ing up on second himself. Slats grounded
out at first base, but the old Feg scored
on the out by a beautiful slide. This made
two for the Officers when they retired in
the sixth. Now for the sake of the plot,
let us take you by the hand and lead
you back the road to the third inning and
see where the Filers got their three runs.
Feg had gone two innings with no runs
when Haas and Stauff each shot the ball
into right field for extra base hits. This
plus an error and an overthrow, put the
Officers in the lead three to nothing. Feg
said "too much is plenty" and he turned
the serving over to Kret. Nothing doing
on either side until the sixth inning, as
above recorded. That inning closed with
the File three and the Rank two, one
more inning to go and with Stauff just
oozing stuff, you could write your own
ticket on the Filers. Oh, but, pause! Look
who's here? Our own Ping Bodie, known
to our fathers in Washington as Capt.
Berlucci. Ping was up there in the sev-
enth for the Officers at the plate and acted
like he was killing gnats or garter snakes.

HEADS UP

The game seemed over when suddenly Ping ferried a clean hit over second base. Tying run on first base, one down, Berlucchi coy and uncertain as a base runner. Bang! a wild throw and another bobble and Berlucchi on third. Right here the destiny of the game was in the lap of the gods for behold the Lamb of gods struck out. The third strike was dropped and while he was being thrown out, "Burluke" our own Ping Bodie, was over, with the tying run. Kret shut out the Filers in their half of the seventh, and in the eighth the old game blew to pieces. "Take a much as he do" Repp walked on four bad ones. Diamond Dick Kret scores Reppie with a hit. Feg the lute stops one of Stauffer's fast ones and gets on base. Here a throwing melee ensues and Kret comes over the plate, Feg on second. Slat's-up shoots a low liner through short-stop. Feg in and one man on second. Slat's scores on an infield out. Four in Officers leading now seven to three. Filers last chance involves a hefty triple by Manager Moore. He scores on a hit by Haas. Their third and last out is made by the runner on third. Game over and here's how the worm turned:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Enlisted Men0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	—4
Officers0	0	0	0	0	2	1	4	—7

✱ ✱ ✱

While we stop to think we often miss our opportunity.

✱ ✱ ✱

CHIPS FROM THE DIAMOND.

Audience consisted of three privates, one Nurse and four dogs.

—o—

Diamond Dickie Kret got caught between third and home when Slat's struck out and it took the entire team to send him to his death. Some base runner, as well as hitter, pitcher and fielder. Kret got to Stauffer for three hits out of four up, although his first effort was a strike-out.

—o—

Haas held Stauffer fairly well.

—o—

Dave Walke, the newest playing officer, is some little ball player, we think. Why hasn't he been out before?

Lamb gamboled and gobbled grounders at second very well.

—o—

Mr. Kelly, the umpire, is all there any way you take him.

—o—

Rundquist, the curb broker, from the Post Exchange, demonstrated that he was a good catcher, in addition to being a sharp trader. He was likewise the life of the party from the humor and "talk-it-up" end.

—o—

Bowen fielded a nice first base.

—o—

Haas is a good hitter.

—o—

Feg, the lalapaloozing lute, played a splendid third, and ran the bases like a Ty Cobb. Howsomever, as a result of a wear and tear, he needed a Motherhubard to get home in from the game. Feg will have to get stouter clothing, or shriveled down to a thirty-six or A Comstock will get him.

—o—

Not base ball but good copy is Lieut. Bruns. in his near-palm beach suit. This with the young gentleman's darkly handsome complexion, suggests any one of the Mexican revolutionary leaders.

✱ ✱ ✱

LAST MINUTE FLINGS.

LOST—In Richmond: One Buck Pvt.

—o—

The busy place—The Detachment Office—Bixler carrying water to cool Hartley's typewriter.

—o—

We know that Shevie is fond of fancy drinks. Cpl. Hartley had some red shampoo soap in a Loganberry bottle and Shevie came in and downed it at a single gulp.

—o—

Swede, too, likes hair tonic.

—o—

Goldsmith saying "Good Morning"—"gefufu tiudi geschlugta bestut. Kak war ou slag av ober der brogenhaben gesipsi zoi zoitan evalin ach und oiskivich Schluski" valkan ahoy.

—o—

The Enlisted men miss you lately, KaCy Kel. They are asking if you have gone without even a good-bye.

SEE YOU TOMORROW.